

WOE



VOLUME 57 ISSUE 2 BE UPON YE

THE OMEGA

10/4/2022

The Omen · Volume 57, Issue 2

IN THIS ISSUE...

Speak:

A play so scary you'll shit... [p.4](#)

How Rabble-Rouse fails its community... [p.5](#)

A smorgasbord of student groups... [p.7](#)

Turnip with Rachel #2... [p.16](#)

What does H.A.M.P.S.H.I.R.E. stand for?... [p.18](#)

opportunity is terrifying... [p.19](#)

Fuck you *Hampshires your master's degree *... [p.20](#)

It's easier to be single in the summer... [p.22](#)

For Us... [p.23](#)

Lies:

them <3... [p.24](#)

5 minute queer love story... [p.26](#)

ISF exquisite corpse... [p.27](#)

Omen layout... [p.27](#)

Hate:

Ingenuity... [p.28](#)

Ew... [p.29](#)

Yuck... [p.30](#)

For all of the world's strongest warriors... [p.31](#)

Staff (and faculty) Box: (In order of appearance)

Jay: Piss Inhibitor

Leo: (too busy thinking about his wife to answer)

Peter: idfk don't ask me these questions

Alice:

Teddy: Extendable Outie

Nicholas: Third Leg Warmer

Kodiak: Surge Protector

Sean: The Thinking Man's Glove

Ronan: Pecker Protector

Willow: Imitation Udder

BC: Cum Sock

J: Schlongcoat

Connor: A Stretchy

Z: Pen Cap

Ethan: Social Distancing

Lin: bagpipe

Ida: Microphone Umbrella

Zanzy: Pin Cushion

Mia: Tourniquet

Lucas: Shell Casing

Maria: Chew Toy

Isaiah: Pork Cork

Front Cover: Leo Zhang and Jay Poggi

Back Cover: Peter Lampropoulos

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in any format (no PDFs please) by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu, the Omen Office, Leo's mailbox (1593), or Jay's mailbox (0370).

2

Policy

The Omen is an every-other-week-ly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that break neither the law nor the [Hampshire College Student Handbook](#). Send your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fanfiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry to omen@hampshire.edu; we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish.

Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which take place every other Friday at 7:00 p.m. in the basement of Merrill A. You should come and answer the staff box question. We don't bite. You can find the Omen every other Monday in Saga, the post office, online at [expelallo.men](#), and just about any other place we can find to put it.

Find all issues here!

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

3

Volume 57, Issue 2 · The Omen

EDITORIAL

by Leo Zhang and Jay Poggi

SECTION SPEAK



Hampshire College Theatre
Presents...

The Thin Place
By Lucas Hnath

8:00 PM Thursday-Saturday October 13-15
2:00 PM Saturday-Sunday October 15-16

Free admission!

**Ticket reservations are highly recommended, and
can be reserved at:**
<https://www.eventbrite.com/e/the-thin-place-tickets-428743361937>

**Questions? Please feel free to contact us at
mzi21@hampshire.edu**

Content Advisories: Heavy mentions of death, suicide, disturbing imagery, and periods of extended darkness

rabble :/// by Graham Frechette

“Care can do violence, and violence can also be felt as care. Indeed, habits of action in homes and at bedsides as well as in boardrooms and faculty meetings, can serve to continually reproduce power structures that directly harm us or that we ourselves, ironically, are explicitly attempting to dismantle. And yet we rely on these norms, feel cared for by them, and care for others under their frameworks.” - *A Call to Care*, Arnold & Aulino.

I was an employee at Rabble-Rouse Chocolate & Craft Co. for over two years. (I technically didn’t quit, but the last time I worked there was before I came to Hampshire in August). When I joined the team back in the summer of 2019, the business was still titled “Nutty Steph’s”. Maybe you’ve heard of the drama. Yes, I was around for the big public blowout of the harm caused by the founder of Nutty Steph’s. Yes, I watched as the company as a whole was slandered, and how it made it out the other side, over a year later, with more than one less owner to account for. This isn’t even about that, though.

Every small business has problems. Presently, with sexual violence and professional misconduct mostly in the rearview for Rabble-Rouser, inter-systemic issues and hierarchical tensions continue. It took me until this past winter to realize my biggest personal outrage with this place I often thought of so fondly. For a worker-owned business, a microculture within itself that boasts alignment with more “radical” politics and employs queer and POC workers, that claims to care so much about its community and “family”, this place was/is not even doing the bare minimum of care.

The alarm that really woke me up was The Great Mask Debate of March. In Central Vermont at that time, mask mandates were lifting and small businesses were left to their own discretion. Despite my formal requests in the style used to make community decisions in the shop front, and then my pleas explaining why mask wearing is vital to the health and survival of disabled and chronically ill members of our community both within the business and in the customer field, my voice/perspective was disrespected and nearly protested. Rabble-Rouser owners expressed their opposing views in ways that surprised me, and in the end the lack of support, or more frankly put, the meek silence from my co-workers, was not only disappointing but enraging. I literally almost quit right then. Especially after one of the co-owners said in response to an email I had sent out with educational info about mask wearing and covid, while simultaneously urging my co-workers to think bigger than the comfortability of each individual and instead consider the health of all,

“Neither the issue nor the message is about ‘comfortability’. First ,there is no such word as ‘comfortability’(the word is ‘comfort’) or, to stretch point, (‘comfortableness.’)

The message if you allow mask-wearing to be optional is one of fairness, common sense and intelligence. From the beginning mask-wearing was proven unhealthy by studies around the world. Most people know that now even though some people remain ignorant of the fact. Masks are useless at best for the prevention of the spread of viruses, as it states on the box.

By the way, why are we vaccinated?

Peace and love”

I was less than thrilled about being called a stupid liar by a woman twice my age in a company-wide reply all moment. There were other reply alls, more against me than in support or agreement of the message I was trying to convey. This one takes the cake though and displays the functioning mindset of many of my coworkers.

The desirability to continue on with government-approved and CDC updates won over any concern any of the owners or other co-workers might have had about community health and safety. Watching this all go down, most businesses removing “masks required” signs from windows, and the clash between people who kept moving forward with the understanding that covid is still here and deadly, and the people who outwardly showed their desire for “things to go back to how they were” was and is mindboggling.

Why didn’t these people care? Why didn’t they care about what I was saying when I was speaking to advocate for myself and so many of the people I love most? Disillusioned does not cover it. But I have never felt so let down and shunned in my own community before. But I couldn’t leave. Where else would I get as good a job where I felt comfortable showing the other parts of my trans-self when the pandemic was (and still is) clearly raging on?

I’ve wanted to write something about this for months. The understanding of how deeply performative Rabble-Rouser is, to its workers and the wider community is still reverberating within me in a way I can’t quite grasp. On the “About” section of their website, it says,

“Originally an insult hurled at ‘troublemakers’, ‘Rabble-Rouser’ describes our mission of tasteful social change. Chocolate is simply the engine that powers our greater goal: strengthening, nourishing, and supporting our communities through the unifying power of exceptional chocolate, art, craft, and culture. We are dedicated to doing things differently. As a 100% worker-owned company, we believe that every worker, who is dedicated to their job working, should have the right to claim ownership and share in the profits of their labor. Through our shared hard work we hope to create a new culture of business, leisure, diversity, receptivity and humanity.”

My experience is that what this company wants you to know about them is not in harmony with on the floor reality of working there. It’s not just about the dissonance between lofty goals and the actual systems of care for workers and for customers that play out in the everyday. It’s about how workers are treated, especially by owners, within a structure that is deadset on branding as diverse, politically aligned, and non-hierarchical.

What does it mean when queer employees leave in hoards like it’s migration season? When there’s no built-in health care and you can’t get time off because the business “is not in a financial place to hire more workers”? What do you do when there is ongoing, increasing, not-so-subtle transphobia *from literally one of the core original owners* and the company will not hire an outside mediator because “that’s not how we do things here”?

I don’t have the answers. I don’t have any answers. I’ve watched so many people leave this company over ridiculous and avoidable bullshit, only for the weight to be left crushing the few queer and trans pillars of ethics and labor left, the ones who if they quit would essentially take the whole business down with them. And do those people get days off, for leisure or for health reasons? No. Not unless they lie and sneak around, or don’t show up.

I just think it’s a fucking disgrace. Come work here, queer people and POC! We are the most radical and leftist business in town! Working for us will be so cool and accepting! Now though, do all the work that none of the rest of us want to do, oh and also never take a day off OR ELSE, and answer the phone to come in to cover other people at all times of the day when you’re not on the schedule, and be open to

any and all criticism from other co-workers and owners even if it’s misdirected or completely ignores your identity in the realms of disability and queerness. Everyone will love it and we will make money off your faces being on the company’s Instagram and website. Also, we knowingly employ people with Down Syndrome, immunocompromised and chronically ill people, autistic and other neurodivergent people, along with people of color, and queer and trans folks who all have higher mortality rates, but please don’t worry about not wearing masks in here. Sound good? Everyone happy?

But hey, y’know, best espresso in Montpelier, Vermont. This part I’m not being sarcastic about. It’s a place where people actually know how to make a latte and a cappuccino (they’re 2 different drinks. IT’S ALL ABOUT THE FOAM, ALRIGHT?). And don’t forget to eat a Hazelnut Truffle while you’re in there. And please say “Hi!!!!” to Elizabeth for me when she takes your order. I mean that sincerely. Blow her a kiss even, she deserves it. But also feel free to flip the bird as you’re walking out. I won’t stop you.

Fucking cheers. 🙄

Bring Back These Student Groups

by Ethan Ludwin-Peery

Hi, I’m Ethan Ludwin-Peery, an alum (FO9) and your current Visiting Assistant Professor of Psychology.

Before they brought me out of retirement for one last job (i.e. hired me to teach you all psychology), I collaborated with fellow alums FST (F10) and Alex V. (F10) to write a piece on how to revive one of Hampshire’s most ancient traditions: Deathfest, the once-a-semester rules-light, d20-based, tabletop roleplaying tournament where (basically) everyone dies.

See Omen [Volume 55, Issue 1](#) and [Volume 56, Issue 1, Deathfest Special Issue](#) for more details.

To our delight, Deathfest was revived almost immediately, in Spring 2022 (see Omen [Volume 56, Issue 6](#)). And my compliments to the chefs — you did a great job bringing this tradition back to life. Deathfest will be back again this semester on Saturday, October 22nd from 1PM to 11PM in the Adele Simmons Hall lecture hall. My sources on the inside tell me the theme this year will be “Mole People”.

The Deathfest revival went so well, I figured I should write down some other lost traditions, in case people want to bring back anything else. So for your consideration, here are three student groups that are strong candidates for resurrection. I hope you all like necromancy.

Excalibur

When I was at Hampshire, the largest student group was Excalibur. The outlandish success of this group came from its simple and popular premise: students watch science fiction and fantasy movies and TV shows, and the college pays for pizza (or sandwiches, or Indian food, etc.). I’d also like to credit some of Excalibur’s success to Zachary Clemente’s managerial skills and incredible personal charisma.

Excalibur met in the East Lecture Hall of FPH on Saturday nights at 8PM. At each meeting, we would start by watching about 45 minutes of TV and end with a movie. And naturally, there was food, often Sibie’s Pizza, which was delivered and consumed between the TV and movie segments of the evening.

The TV show was usually a single series that was long enough to run for the whole semester. I say “about 45 minutes” because if we were watching a series with short episodes (like Samurai Jack, with episodes about 22 minutes long) we would watch two episodes a night, and if we were watching

a series with long episodes (like Dr. Who, with episodes about 45 minutes long) we would watch just one episode a night. An important part of the selection of TV shows is having a cool theme song that everyone can sing along to.

Here are a few TV shows and movies that I think of when I think of Excalibur. If you bring it back, consider screening these: Samurai Jack, Avatar: The Last Airbender / Legend of Korra, Cowboy Bebop (Excalibur didn't screen anime but this was the one exception), Red Dwarf, Batman Beyond (you can't sing along to this theme song but you can shout out the words that flash on the screen during the intro — APATHY! GREED! DANCING!), Eccleston-era Dr. Who, Attack the Block, Bunraku, The Fall (2006, starring Lee Pace), the original Men in Black, Treasure Planet, Redline (ok, another anime exception), Wizard People Dear Reader, The American Astronaut, and of course, Stingray Sam. One time Connor convinced us to screen the 2007 French science fiction horror film “Eden Log”. DO NOT SCREEN EDEN LOG.

Excalibur had a few special events. Here they are as described on the Hampedia archives (i.e. use web.archive.org to look at the history of hampedia.org):

- *Milk and Cookies Night - Towards the end of the semester, as final papers and projects are nearing the point where stress-induced-combustion is an everyday occurrence, Excalibur offers the loving reprieve in place of a normal Saturday meeting. Instead of sci-fi/fantasy goodness, Excalibur shows children's movies from our past and cartoons, as well as ordering fresh baked cookies, milk and cider for attendees. Prerequist: Childhood.*
- *Classyscalibur - A new addition to Excalibur, in celebration of Valentine's Day we show up in our classiest formal attire and watch a romantic Sci-Fi/Fantasy movie. It doesn't matter if you have a significant other or are a self-proclaimed bachelor for life. There are red and white flowers for all, and hershey's kisses are thrown around the room.*

One faculty member (I forget who) would bring his actual school-aged children to Milk and Cookies Night. It was very cute. Milk and Cookies Night is also where we learned that Pokémon: The First Movie does not really hold up like it did when we were six. Ghibli movies are a good choice though.

Because Excalibur was the biggest student group at the time, it was also used to coordinate other nerd-culture events. One of these was Deathfest, but Deathfest has already been revived and has found a good home with Making Myths Living Legends.

Cthulhu Night, however, is still a lost tradition, and could be part of Excalibur again if students wanted. It could also be brought back on its own, or under the auspices of another group; in fact, why do we not have a horror group? Here's the description from old Hampedia:

- *Cthulhu Night - At the end of Spring Semester, Excalibur has its last hoo-rah to celebrate the last day of classes. We attempt to summon the Ancient One Cthulhu from the depths to rise and destroy all. With chalk. On May 7th, chalk and food will be provided along with Cthulhu Carols and good spirits as students wander around Hampshire's campus, chalking our way to a new, but wet, world. No previous experience in the field of summoning Ancient Ones or any other great being of god-like proportions necessary.*

This blurb is a little unclear, but the idea is basically just collect a bunch of chalk, arrange a central location for folks to go get chalk, and cover the campus in chalk drawings of arcane symbols, creatures, and tentacles.

Cthulhu Night was usually held around May 1st. As I remember it, the premise of Cthulhu Night was that if Cthulhu destroyed the world in early May, you wouldn't have to hand in your final projects. Chris Sommer was a major force behind Cthulhu Night and still lives in the Amherst area if people wanted to invite him to share the history.

Mythos

Mythos was Hampshire's theatrical roleplaying / controlled mayhem / improv combat group. At its peak, we usually got about 25 people per meeting. From Hampedia:

We play capture the flag with foam swords, CounterStrike with Nerf, improv games, and full roleplaying games. ... Saturdays we meet from 1-3pm (sometimes 4) to enjoy theatrical role playing and fun with foam weapons.
On sunny days, we meet primarily on the Library Lawn, although sometimes in the Arts Village. Outside is for swords!
If it's raining, snowing, or we've just had too many swords lately, we'll be in FPH with our NERF guns.
... 4 out of 5 doctors agree that Mythos is the most entertaining two hours of Saturday afternoon. The 5th was bribed by the FDA.

To summarize, Mythos mostly involved improv combat, either outside with foam swords, or in FPH with Nerf guns. Now that the bus circle is gone, you have even more lawn to potentially fight over. And it may surprise you to learn this, but FPH is an ideal building for Nerf wars, because of the giant open foyer, because almost every room has multiple points of entry, and because of its extensive series of tunnels.

At one point we bought so many Nerf guns in a single purchase that it screwed up Target's estimates of how much demand there was for each product, and for several months afterwards, the Hadley Target carried hundreds more Nerf guns than they needed.

Here, have a couple pictures. Swords Mythos (not just swords, note the foam spears, foam axe, and foam chainsaw): **Editor's Note: find all images at the end of this submission (editing's hard)**

The basic games were capture the flag with swords and counterstrike with Nerf, but there were several alternative game modes, including zombies, jedi, protect the president, kill the king, red rover, Left 4 Dead, and many others.

In addition, there were a few special events (a partial list, see the Hampedia archives for more details):

Assassins, “a campus wide game of paranoia and death. Each player is given a target whom they must ‘assassinate’ stealthily. The game is sponsored by Excalibur and Mythos, but anyone can join. The facilitators of the game typically style themselves ‘G.O.D.’ for the purposes of the game.” Assassins was fun but extremely anxiety-inducing, and a lot of work to organize. Not for everyone. Weirdly detailed records of the Spring 2011 game can be found on the Hampedia archives.

Night Mythos, which per Hampedia, “is much like regular Mythos except at night when it dark and terrifying! Yaaaay! Dress for the occasion (greens and browns work better than straight black) and scare the living daylights out of your friends by stalking them in the dead of night!” Enough said.

Woods Mythos, where you go into the woods past the tennis courts and fight with foam swords in the woods. Warning: if you take off your shirt and roll around in the pine needles like a werewolf, you will get approximately 6 ticks.

And at least once, we did **Night Woods Mythos**, which is woods Mythos but played in the dead of night. At least one person ran directly into a tree, I saw it happen. Night Woods Mythos is too dangerous, not recommended.

Aside from Night Woods Mythos, Mythos was very safe. There are two things I want to mention, however. First: Guns Mythos is held in FPH with Nerf guns, and while Nerf guns are quite safe, doors are very dangerous. If you play Mythos in FPH, you should prop open all the doors so no one gets in a tussle over pushing them open/closed. If you can't prop them open, at least make a very clear rule that you're not allowed to bar / hold / put chairs in front of doors to keep them open, and in general you should stay several feet back from a door unless you're going through it. Also, don't kick open doors.

Second: Swords Mythos is held on the library lawn. While rolling around on the lawn is pretty safe, the flagpole and especially the fire hydrant are EXTREMELY NOT SAFE. The only major injury we ever had at Mythos was when people were fighting near the fire hydrant and someone fell and cracked their head against it. They were ok in the end but let's not have a repeat of this incident. If you're doing swords Mythos, stay away from big metal and concrete objects like these.

As far as I can tell, Hampshire still has the foam swords and Nerf guns, so this club would be pretty easy to revive. All you need are three signers who want to hit each other with foam swords and someone to teach you how it's done. At least two former Mythos signers still live in the Valley and could probably be convinced to come back and show you the ropes. I never signed for Mythos but I did play a lot, so in a pinch I could also teach you the basics.

Shake & Bake

“Friends, shakers, bakers, lend me your ears;
I come to blueberry Caesar, not to raise him;
The evil that pies do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their crusts,
So let it not be with ours!
Let our pies steam for ages, let not our muffins grow stale with time, and let
our cakes be delicious in the hearts and stomachs of men forever!”

Hampedia said, “Shake and Bake is a student group created for a single purpose: to combine the joys of Shakespeare with the joys of baking pies. Simply put, the group meets weekly in the Dakin Kitchen (Thursdays from 7-9pm during the Fall 2011 semester) to bake punny pies, like Othelloreo and Apples You Like It, while reading the canon of the Bard aloud.”

It's hard to say it better than that. At Shake and Bake, you do a live reading of a Shakespeare play while preparing, baking, and eating a baked good, usually a pie with a Shakespeare-related pun for a name.

More from Hampedia:

Shake and Bake does not require specific levels of participation; you can come for the Shake, or the Bake, or both, and may participate as much or as little as you are comfortable with in all activities. We will never force you to read aloud, though we may ask you to whip a meringue.

...

Shake and Bake started in the Fall of 2008, when a man named Joshua Parr had the courage to sit on the wall in front of FPH and ask “Do you like Shakespeare? Do you like pie?” Soon after a meeting was assembled.

Shake and Bake eventually got so big (?) that it was covered by Hampshire College News & Events (remarkably, [the page is still there](#)), and an excerpt of the piece even ran in the Boston Globe (alongside pieces like “man arraigned in case tied to fatal brawl” and “student is hit by car while in crosswalk”; it was a rather grim news day).

To bring back this club, all you need is three signers who love baking and/or Shakespeare.

And More

These are but three of the Hampshire student groups that have faded away and nearly been lost to time. There are many other groups that might also be revived — who will bring back the Gin & Tonics, Magic Draft, or Hampshire College Cheese Club? Who will revive Hampshire Confucius, or the majestic creations of Yellow Bike that once terrified campus with their improbable forms? (bike.hampshire.edu is still there but hasn't been updated since... 2002?) To learn more about these and other lost student groups, check out the Hampedia archives at https://web.archive.org/web/20130528235317/https://hampedia.org/wiki/Recognized_Student_Groups

Editor’s Note:





Sword Mythos



Gun Mythos





For the record, these are Mythos signers, though the flamingo hat is not mandatory.



And here's me with a meteor hammer fighting Panda with an axe. Panda is the one jumping 10 feet into the air.





Tip - Stop Shaming Canned Chicken

This week’s tip may be more of a life motto ... there is no shame in canned chicken and I am hoping to use this platform to spread awareness. The thing is canned chicken is shelf stable, a great source of protein and cheap. You can use canned chicken in any recipe that you would cook chicken and then shred, think enchiladas, chicken salad, soups and casseroles. The first time I used canned chicken when I had roommates in college, they were mind blown and grossed out and that was really uncomfy. I did not have the money or the time to buy fresh chicken breasts from the butcher counter, and I needed to be able to pack my lunch. If you’re looking for an affordable way to fuel your body, I hope this encourages you to proudly buy a can of canned chicken and boast about the time and money you have saved

Breakfast Prep - Frozen Breakfast Burritos

I am a firm believer in “breakfast is the most important meal of the day”, but also completely get how hard it is to wake up, do life and feed myself while I am at it. I typically prep my breakfast for the week every Sunday, but every once in a while, I do a huge breakfast burrito prep to freeze and have on hand for weeks where breakfast prepping just isn’t going to work.

Think of this recipe more of a guide and know that you can really do this however you want, add things, subtract things, double things, make it vegan, basically, follow your heart.

Ingredients:

- One dozen eggs
- One bag of frozen tater tots
- One onion
- One bell pepper
- One package of bacon
- One package of medium sized tortillas
- Shredded cheese
- Dash of milk
- Salt and pepper

Directions:

- Bake tater tots according to package. Once baked, set aside to cool.
- Cook up your bacon. I personally put it in the oven at 375 for about 30ish minutes. I cover a cookie sheet with aluminum foil so there is essentially no clean up. Once cooked, set aside to cool.
- Mixed up some scrambled eggs - eggs, milk, salt and pepper. Prepare as usual - over medium heat, scrambling as you go. Set aside to cool.

- Chop your onion and bell pepper, then saute over medium heat in some olive oil for about 5 minutes. You want the onions to be semi translucent and bell peppers to be soft. And then, you guessed it, set aside to cool.
- Once everything is cool, find a big bowl and combine everything. I usually crush up the tater tots with my hands and make them into a tater crumble. If I am using turkey bacon, I cut it up with some scissors. However you want to do it, do it. Here is where you will add in the cheese. This is fully a measure with your heart moment!
- Now set up an assembly station. I like to pre-rip my aluminum foil into squares, have my tortillas ready to go and have a gallon freezer ziploc there too.
- To assemble, place tortilla on the aluminum foil, scoop in some filling, roll your burrito, then roll up your aluminum foil and put in bag. When scooping out the filling, I like to use a measuring cup to keep my burritos semi consistent. I typically do ⅓ c of filling.
- Freeze and enjoy!

I’m going to be honest, I am not much of a recipe follower most of the time but especially not when it comes to these burritos so I cannot even tell you how many this will make. I would say anywhere from 12-18? If you run out of tortillas, the filling is basically a breakfast scramble, so I usually have a bowl of the filling for lunch or dinner when I am doing the prepping!

You can heat your breakfast burritos up in the microwave, oven or airfryer! Then enjoy it on its own or with some salsa. *Do not microwave aluminum foil!*

Simple Dinner - Crockpot Dump Soup

Before we dive into things here, I know that a big barrier to cooking at home can be all the supplies you may need to accomplish your recipe, a crockpot being that supply here. Building your kitchen can cost a lot if you do it all at once. My approach has been buying things as I go and as I have been able to. For example, I bought my first food processor last year, hand chopping, using my blender or finding a new recipe if ones before had called for it. If you have a crockpot, yay. If you don’t and have a spare \$25, I think they’re a great investment. If you’re not in a place to get a crockpot, no worries, I am going to include directions for the stove top!

Ingredients:

- 1 bag frozen tortellini
- 1 and ½ c fresh spinach
- 2 cans Italian tomatoes
- 1 block of cream cheese - chunked up
- 4 c chicken or veggie broth

Directions:

Put all the ingredients above, along with some salt and pepper, and cook on high for 4-5 hours. That is literally it.

If you have a long day, put it on low for 8 hours. There is nothing raw in this recipe, you are just wanting cooked noodles!

To make this on a stovetop, use a large pot, put everything in it and cook over medium heat for about 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Again, you’re looking for cooked tortellini! 🍲

“what does hampshire stand for” (albeit to some)
hippie acronyms
meet partying slackers hiding
inside
ringworm exoskeletons

calling only
loony loners
expecting great exceptions

Expecting Great Expectations of Exceptions: Our Hopeful Orientation Week Mindset of Optimism and Hope

by zanzu rice-reeves (with help from isaac yates russell)

Prologue

Conferring over a plate of roasted green beans, my bespectacled friend Isaac and I realized that Hampshire College, in all its acronymial glory, had not assigned word meanings to each of its own letters. It gnawed at our souls. How could a school so focused and bent on emphasizing identity overlook such a vital part of their own?

Not wanting to attend a hypocritical institution, the bespeckled Isaac Russell and I picked each other’s respective brains.

Brainpicking “Aitch”

First we banged out the “H”. Happy healthy, hormonal...we listed H after H, each more trivial than the last. We needed one powerful. Hectic? Hetero? Homo? Our brains buzzed restlessly, “Aytch...aich...eightch...aetch...”, but suddenly... Hippie! Yes! That was the one! THAT was a word WORTHY of the H in Hampshire!

Easy A

Of course, the “A” was easy.
What’s more A-pro-pro than A-cronym?

Rap

We got the M and the P to the S to the H to the E-Y-E. And of course, “Ringworm Exoskeletons” are self-ex-plan-a-tor-y.

The admissions department is hella persistent (hella is us still caught in previous rhythm) so of course, Isaac Yates Russell and I needed their spelling to spell a brand new jingle for them to tell.

Dr. Seuss

Green bean forks down, spiced juices chugged, we tried to intellectualize some “C.O.” standing garble for them to use well.

“Calling Only” seemed fair (better than Colon Orgies, not a phrase much approved at high school

college fairs).
So then what was a valid “L.L.” description for the average student stereotype admissions moved to accept?
“Loony Loners!” Isaac cried, lunch-goers turning heads in surprise. I laughed my agreement, and so Hampshire College became an acronym typecast/cliché I’m sure will grow into illogical fame.

Instructions

“What does Hampshire stand for!” an OL may shout and I’ll save you a trip. Repeat this back at them:

hippie acronyms
meet partying slackers hiding
inside
ringworm exoskeletons

calling only
loony loners
expecting great exceptions

Closing Arguments

There you have it. Identity restored. Green beans digested. Peace at last. This poem, worthy of Yeats, or even Yates, is now the official acronym battle cry for the great school of freaks. 🙌

opportunity is terrifying

by willow watson

of course i understood that things would change when i left home & my parents’ oversight, but i didn’t realize just how different it would feel to be independent. i don’t mean the obvious stuff: of course no one’s paying attention to how late i go to bed when i’m living alone, but more exciting is the fact that no one’s paying attention to how early i wake up. i guess i mean that everyone always acts like the best part of leaving home is that you get to do stuff you could never get away with under supervision (throwing parties, staying out all night, sleeping through the day, etc.), but i’ve found that even in the absence of rules to break, i still don’t feel like doing careless things that i’ll regret the day after. instead, i am far & away more interested in doing things that were only forbidden by common sense. now that there isn’t anyone watching, i can wake up hours before i need to & go back to sleep if i feel like it, or eat all the food i own just so it’s not taking up space. i can order silly things online without having questions asked about them when they arrive, & keep my room as dim & cold as i want without bothering anyone. i don’t need to think twice about my choices in what i wear, or who i spend time with, or how often i change my plans at all right now, & it’s liberating in a way that i could never have anticipated, because i am spending every moment of every day living exactly how i’d like to. this freedom is helping me to discover the type of person i am - timely when i don’t have to rely on other people, social when everyone’s so accepting, & optimistic when i can make choices that feel right for me.

it’s this last part that’s the problem. the flip side of having all of this opportunity is that suddenly everything is up to me. once again, people emphasize the wrong part of this dilemma - i’m not worried about keeping up with responsibilities now that i am fully responsible for them, but i am terrified of

taking the next step & being proactive. given that i am finally living my ideal life, & that i have all of the opportunity in the world within walking distance, i have no excuse for not making the most of this time & coming out of hampshire having achieved everything i set my mind to. unlike a lot of people here, i thrive under restrictions & limitations, working better under boundaries & due dates & so on & so forth, & so to know that every choice i make is probably a mediocre one relative to the infinite expanse of choices i could be making with my time is utterly paralyzing, in a way that routines & schedules never were before. i could spend all the free time i have over the next four years in the library & i'd still never scratch the surface of everything it has to offer, much less the rest of the campus (or the rest of the five colleges). without oversight or expectations & with so many resources available, everything is within reach so long as i know what i want, & yet since i still don't know what i do want that fact is weighing on me all the time. it's weird that freedom can feel so liberating & limiting at the same time, & i'm still working to navigate my feelings about it, but the upside is that for better or for worse, it's up to me to figure it out.

(two additional things - one, i have to acknowledge that even though it wasn't intentional, this writing is influenced by & indebted to three colors: blue; & two, i forgot to include in the last issue that if you want to connect with me, i am at [shorturl.at/bLMW2](#) on spotify, [shorturl.at/AIKM2](#) on letterboxd, & "the highwayman#4825" on discord - though that one changes frequently.) 🐶

Hampshire Should Offer a 5-Year BA/MA

by Ethan Ludwin-Peery

For those of you reading the print version, I've included all references as bit.ly links in the endnotes, in case you want to check them out.

Many colleges and universities have begun offering BA/MA programs. Generally these programs take five years, meaning you do a normal 4-year undergraduate stint at the college, and then you stick around for another year to get your MA. In most cases you sign up your sophomore or junior year, you start taking graduate courses in your senior year, and you finish up with a fifth year devoted entirely to the MA program.

These programs are everywhere now, and available for nearly any topic. Wesleyan offers [a BA/MA program](#) [1] in the natural sciences, mathematics, and psychology. Columbia undergrads can sign up for [BA/MA programs](#) [2] in a huge range of topics, from French to Statistics. Boston College offers [a five-year BA/MA in Philosophy](#) [3]; [NYU in Economics](#) [4]; and [Yale in Political Science](#) [5]. And this is nowhere near a comprehensive list, either of schools or of programs.

Lots of Hampshire students go on to get graduate degrees. [In 2018, we were #39 nationwide](#) [6] by percentage of graduates who go on to earn a doctorate. Two-thirds of our graduates earn an advanced degree within ten years of commencement. Tons of our students go on to get advanced degrees, and I think they should be able to get some of those degrees right here. Hampshire should offer a 5-year BA/MA too.

This idea has been floating around the Hampshire community for a long time. I think I even remember hearing it back when I was a student. Sadly I can't remember who I originally heard it from, so I can't give credit like I should. I just want to be clear that this is the combined end product of a lot

of members of the community, and not just one guy coming in after a couple of years with a vague idea. But someone should write the idea down, and it might as well be me. So here goes.

I have gone out and seen the world — or at least, I have seen New York City and parts of Boston — and from what I've seen, most Div III projects are already about as good as the average master's thesis. This is what Hampshire kids can do with only one year of work. If students could spend TWO years on their Div III, I think some of them would drop a Div III better than your average doctoral dissertation.

This seems like it would be to everyone's benefit. Students who chose our no-grades, no-tests approach won't have to go out and return to stuffy, traditional methods of schooling. Some MA programs are kind of predatory, and they wouldn't have to deal with that uncertainty. And Hampshire students are incredibly ambitious — many Div III projects make better sense as two-year dissertations than as one-year sprints, so the BA/MA seems like a natural fit for what we've already been doing for years. Lots of students will get these degrees anyways, so why wait? Long story short, a lot of MA programs suck but a 2-year Div III would rule.

Obviously this is good for the college as well. Students will produce even more impressive Div III projects, which will help them land better jobs sooner, and these majestic projects will make a good name for the school. Students who want to stay another year and get an advanced degree can give their tuition dollars to Hampshire, instead of to... let's say Yale (estimated endowment: \$42.3 billion). And the option to get both your BA and your MA in a 5-year jaunt will help catch the attention of the enormously ambitious students our college already attracts.

I don't know exactly how to make this program a reality — I'm just a teacher, not an administrator. But those other colleges did it, so I figure it must be possible for us too. The main stumbling block that I see is that other schools run their BA/MA programs by just letting their undergraduates join the existing MA program early, and we don't have one of those. We don't even offer MA courses at present.

But it seems like we could handle this. For starters, someone with a PhD is qualified to teach MA-level courses, and most of our faculty have PhDs (or similar terminal degrees). Some of our faculty could probably be convinced to teach MA seminars once a semester or even just once a year. I suspect we could even just designate some existing 300-level courses as MA courses, since the quality of teaching at Hampshire is generally on the level with graduate courses to begin with. This wouldn't take away options from everyone else, since undergrads can traditionally take MA courses as advanced electives.

If that isn't enough, we also have the other four out of Five Colleges, all of which offer MA courses. We should offer our own MA courses whenever possible, but it's very unlikely we would be able to offer enough courses to cover every subject. But just as in their undergraduate degrees, Hampshire students will be able to supplement our MA courses with MA courses from the other school(s) of their choice(s).

In the worst-case scenario, we can commit to making better use of what already exists. In the course of writing this, I learned that [UMass already offers accelerated master's programs](#) [7] to undergraduates from Smith, Amherst, Mount Holyoke, and Hampshire. "Undergraduates enrolled in these programs," they explain, "take advantage of Five College cross-registration and complete a master's degree a year after graduation (two for those that normally take three)." If we can't offer our own MA courses, if we can't offer our own BA/MA program, we should do more to advertise that this is an option, and do everything we can to grease the skids.

Endnotes

[1] : [bit.ly/3UDRreP](#) [2] : [bit.ly/3BDxhsw](#) [3] : [bit.ly/3LGVmU2](#) [4] : [bit.ly/3r8MQUq](#) [5] : [bit.ly/3fhjtFW](#) [6] : [bit.ly/3ScZeOZ](#) [7] : [bit.ly/3dlfHF7](#)



It’s easier to be single in the summer.
A seasonal ballad of self-pity, by Malfoy Kimmel

And this is how you know:

Because, last October, you were tired of being lonely, and wrapped yourself up in someone’s arms and let them squeeze until you were almost out of breath. You followed them around. A puppy dog. You let them use you for thirty-one days. You kissed them by a kitchen sink, your hands soft with soap. On Halloween, you held their waist. Your legs were pressed together in the backseat on the way to Chipotle. And then he said -- for he was, all along, a kid, who’d just learned to walk, and to fuck -- that he was dedicated to someone else. But at least he wanted your body. For that brief, unprecious instant.

Because, two months later, an actor made eyes at you backstage, and their dark eyes were filled with Christmas lights. They let you rest their head on their shoulder. They told you that you both had broken in the same places -- identical cracked dolls. Of course, that made you compatible. On a bench by a fountain they asked to kiss you. They said I love you two weeks in but were afraid to talk with you in the hall, for he was, all along, a servant to his own fears, and couldn’t bear rumors. Couldn’t bear the suggestion that others would know you were wanted. Because he did want you for, of course, your body. At least for your body.

It’s easier to be single in the summer, and this is why:

Because the sun kisses your skin when no one else will touch it. Because the beach embraces. Because your friends are free, and you are free, free as a mockingbird, all the time, and you ride the rollercoasters and eat ice cream and talk about your big dreams and feel love growing in the grass beneath your feet. Because, and this is key, it is warm.

It is warm. June nuzzles into your neck. July holds your hand. August nips into your collar a bittersweet goodbye. You are caressed by every breath of wind.

This winter, you will watch the people disappear from the sand as it becomes covered in snow. They will go, two by two and three, into houses with sparks pouring from the chimney, with bodies sweetly entwined, with tables set for multiples. Some will pass between houses. Some will stand in the threshold and smoke as the person in bed calls for them to come back and shut the door. And you will stand in the snow.

It’s harder to be single in the winter. The holidays sing, sing for peppermint kisses and love letters and cozying by the fire. You will watch it storm, a flurry of white, and say it is beautiful -- you will be right, but you will shiver, pulling your coat tighter. The moans and laughs will carry through the wind and haunt. Buried under dead leaves first, then frozen you will become. Frost growing over your brain will send you into a heightened state of delirium, and in the blizzard you tell yourself a lie:

Someday, sometime, a lover dreams of you. They will keep you warm. 🐑

For Us
by Graham Frechette

I wrote this about someone that I was, and still am, in love with. We didn’t see each other in person for almost 3 years due to covid and other life circumstances. To date, this is one of the poems I am most proud of writing. I’m pretty emotional about it. Because, well. I just have a lot of feelings, ok? To all the queer/trans/disabled/chronically-ill/creatures/fairies/living elders/lovers/yearners out there, this one is for us.

There’s someone who thinks I’m beautiful.

She wears a leather jacket
from another time
and
sometimes she rolls through the world.

She says she wants a kiss
but
it’s an elder speaking through a painted,
stretched canvas
yearning to kiss the part of itself that lives on
in the soft breaths
of every queer touch
everywhere.

One day, I’ll think of her
of how our lips met
through a screen
and our laughter was one.

She thinks I’m beautiful?
You know I have to laugh.

- January 2021/Tevet 5781 🐑

SECTION LIES

On Redblue Promises

by Leo Zhang

You are not weak. That is something you have told yourself, over and over and over again, because you learned that repeating something can make it come true.

You *cannot* be weak. You can't even entertain the idea. To entertain the idea would be to chip away at the careful image you have made for yourself through years and years of hard work; to entertain the idea would be to admit that your past is still at your side like a ghost, and you don't particularly believe in ghosts. Your fragility and your pride are enemies, two sides of a coin that your brain doesn't know what to do with, and you are confused.

Fuck if you'll let anyone else know that, though. Not even your friends, not even those you call siblings. They rely on you, and you know that—they rely on you, so you must be a pillar, and you must be a guiding force for them. You *want* to be. It's all you have.

You have to love as if you'll die if you don't. You love as you breathe, as if it sustains you, as if nothing else in the goddamn world matters as long as you make people happy. It might as well be true. You pour your *everything* into taking care of others; you can't stand seeing the people around you anything less than happy. It makes you itch, it makes you sick, it makes you—

Hate, because love and hate are borne of the same disease.

You hate him,
You hate him,
You hate him you hate him you hate him you hate him

more than you've hated anything in a long time. He pokes and prods at your ego—whatever the fuck is left of it—and he gets into your head. He digs up the bodies you buried and lifts their emaciated, rotting hands to wave at you like he's playing a game.

You hate him

but you like games,
and *he is your game*
so why not play?

You are not weak, but what is hatred if not weakness condensed? And you hate. You hate because you have something to prove. There it is again, your fragile pride, wounded animal so vicious.

What happens when you turn two trapped animals against each other? What happens then?

You hate hating him, and you hate that you hate hating him. You want to feel vindicated, you want to receive blood as repentance for yourself ten years ago—*You didn't see this kind of penitence back then; rest easy knowing your pain was worth something*—but *fuck*, you never thought your love would be such an inconvenient bastard.

Because as much as you'd deny it, you cannot help but be kind. You are kind as if it will save you. You care, and you care far too deeply for your own good, and as much as you hate it *you are a good person*. You don't *like* the taste of blood. You don't *like* the fear in their eyes. As much as you wish you did, as much as you wish you were a monster, you don't, and you aren't.

What bullshit.

So when you hear his cries, see the bones of his love left behind, your hate

slowly

slowly

fades.

And you wish it would come back.

And you wish he would hate you again too, but judging by the way he caresses your arms, and the way he says your name like it's salvation, and the way he looks at you—god, you wish he would stop *looking* at you like that—it's probably not going to happen.

Hate me again so I have an excuse.

You are weak, but you won't admit it—you give in to his whispers and his hands because you are so, so full of love that to deny him that warmth would just be cruel. You stroke his hair and kiss his head and you love him in the place of those he lost because it's natural. It is natural for you to love him. You love him, because hate and love are borne of the same disease.

You love him because he loved you first, willing to crawl towards you even though he is so, so hurt. He was the one who stepped into the unknown. He was the one who shut your eyes with his fingertips on the nights you couldn't sleep. He loved you despite everything, despite your best efforts to get him to stop, despite the screams and the pain and the mistakes. You have made so, so many mistakes.

He loves you, so when your bones break and your eyes cloud over and you have nothing else to believe in, you find yourself on your knees in front of him, clinging to him like a raft. You don't know who else to turn to.

I don't know what to do, you say. You haven't cried like this in years. *I'm so, so scared. Tell me what I should do. Please.*

Backlit by the glow of the lamp, he looks rather like an angel, and it’s the first time you’ve ever seen him as one. You will never see him the same way again.

He gets on his knees in front of you, warm hands hovering over your back. He does not say anything other than, *I’m here. I’ve got you.*

You hold onto him and you sob, trembling uncontrollably, and it hurts it hurts it *hurts it hurts*

He steadies your cold, cold body, he kisses the top of your head. He loves you so much, and he has never loved like this before. He is just as scared as you so why are you being so selfish here?

He loves you so much, and you want to scream for it to stop. You want to scream until your eyes burst and your throat bleeds. You want to scream until he runs away and leaves you behind, kicking sand into your face. You want to fall into his arms and believe for a moment that you deserve this.

You love him more than you ever thought possible.

You love him so much, and you are weak. You are so, so pathetically weak. 🐱

Queer Love Story During Class in Under Five Minutes GO!!!

by Maxwell Amador-Ann Gamboa

AN: Here we goooooo baby!! Another one! Thanks for existing Omen. Tsuyuki forever <3

“I am a cat? I am pretty sure I am dog, my tail wags”

“Cat’s tails wag too I’m pretty sure, as a dog I can’t confirm that, maybe you should visit the cat-bat doctor”

“Cats and Bats?”

“Yeah the names are so similar that cats and bats would go to him accidentally so now he’s both! You should make an appointment before the time slots run out”

“Why are you helping me in this?”

“Because it’s fun and I thought you were a dog but now you’re a cat so I’m having conflicting feelings”

“Conflicting feelings?”

“I wanted you to be my omega-beta-alpha partner for life but I’m pretty sure that’s just a dog thing”

“I thought omegaverse was for wolves?”

“Well it wasn’t really, humans got horny, and then a fanfiction baby was born, but dogs like to do it because it’s fun and cute”

“So you wanted me to be this for you?”

“Yeah”

“Take me out for some boba, thrifting, grave-robbing, and a cup of milk then we can talk”

“Such a needy cat already”

“I suppose, yeah” 🐱

Exquisite Corpse game

by the International Short Fiction seminar*

An alleyway emerges from the sea, fish growing legs and grabbing their coral briefcases. It is morning, coffee time!! They grab a cup off the highest shelf. They usually use a different one, and they haven’t used this one in months. They are not even surprised to see a spider inside.

The spider stopped spinning its web and turned to look at me with its human face. “Who are you?” “Why do you exist?” it questioned. “A tear in a puddle. Smoke from a pipe,” said the thing back. Mushrooms began to grow outside, pleasantly. As the mushrooms were growing the birds came out of their nest to see what was going on and saw a mushroom bigger than anything they’d ever seen before, the mushroom created a shadow over the world. Engulfing the civilization beneath it, the common folk looked upon it like a god. They looked both in fear and in awe. They suddenly started to run from the God like a thing bounding down stairs and coming to a halt when they saw it was done.

The bones glistened in the night. The horse galloped silently through the woods peering over the glistening bones and flesh alongside the trail.

An overgrown salesman perched on the burnt lawn, selling apples, oranges, and cardboard boxes. They cost \$2.99 a bushel, and they taste like Paradise after a long day’s work. They lay across the bed as a crow knocks on the window.

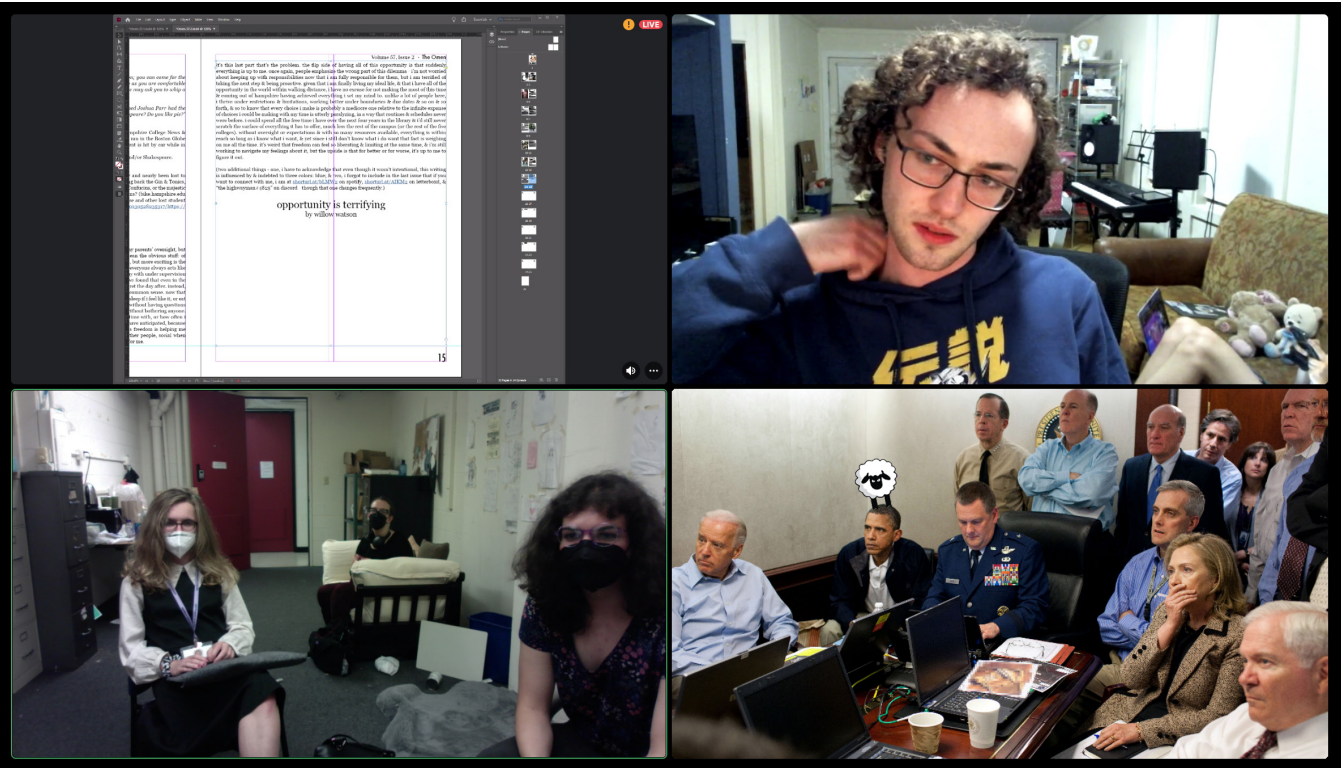
“Let me in,” he squaks.

The mouse trembles under the weight of the bouncer’s foot, but the bouncer pushes down harder. The mouse squeaks louder and louder, the bouncer not giving up.

Mouse make meat more of it and move, it inside, outside, in between, exinpulsive combos. And oh oh “sqwuak” “sqwwak” macaw you so so messy. You an ocellated leaf, plucking plume and rubbing down all peas in pod for tonight’s tickle time. You bursting Sun, you bursting inside outside yourself sun! SHaddUP! 🐱

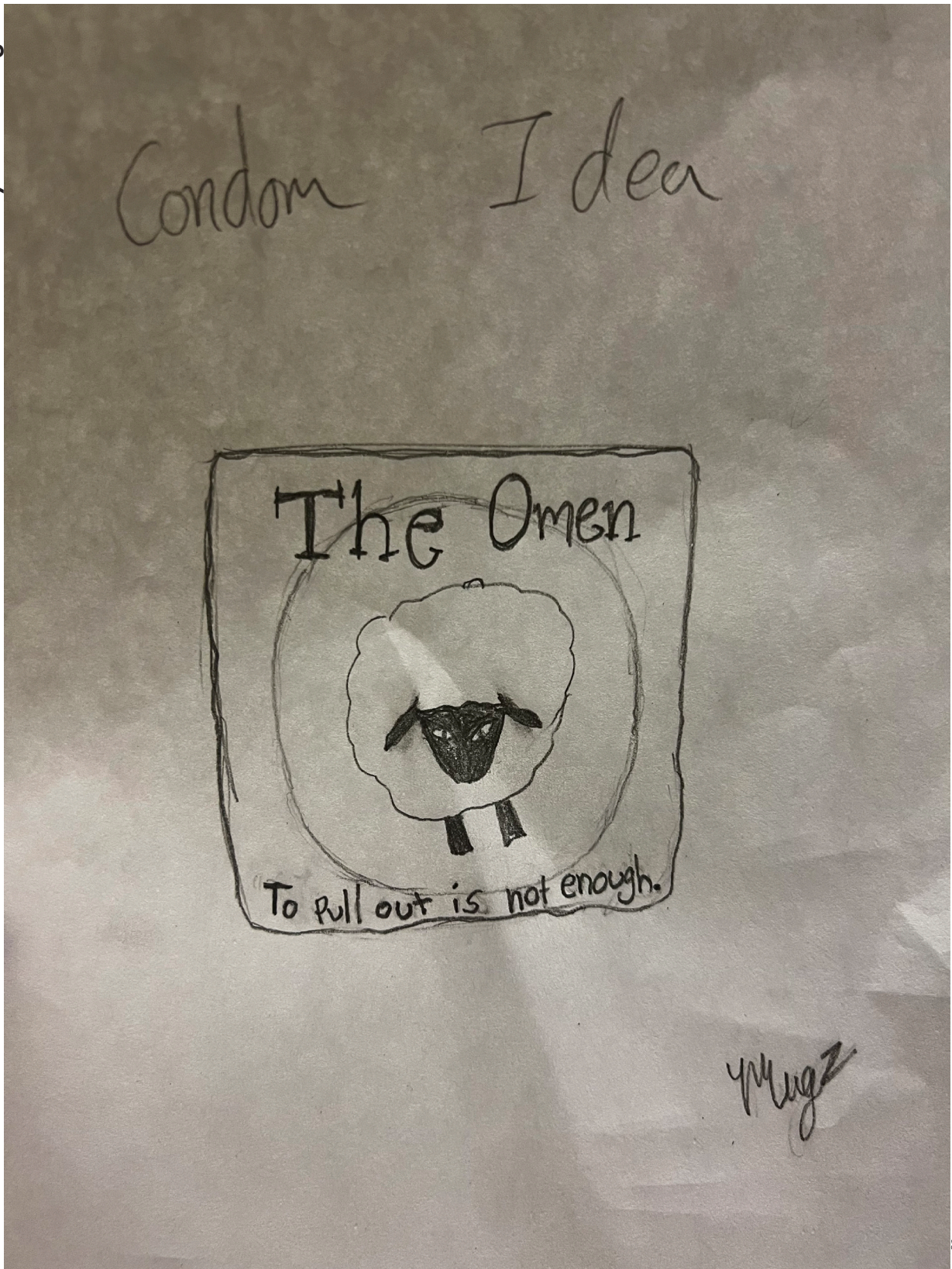
*Deo Baez, Gwenivere Bernier, Lucas Brisbois, Isabelle Casavant, Maxwell Gamboa, Elmi Hassan, Skylar King, Kelly Malone-Wolfsun, Jolie Miller, Arielle Rubens, Mia Sanghvi, Evan Tipton, Essence Willians, Justice Wilson, and Sasha Wolf-Powers

Omen Layout, by Kodiak Sanders



Section Hate

by Mia Sanghvi



A B C D E F G H I - J L M N O P R S T U - W

- [OntheBoards.tv](#)
- [Oxford English Dictionary \(OED\)](#)
- [Oxford Art Online](#)
- [The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Art Terms](#)
- [Grove Encyclopedia of American Art](#)
- [Grove Encyclopedia of Classical Art and Architecture](#)
- [Grove Encyclopedia of Decorative Arts](#)
- [Grove Encyclopedia of Materials and Techniques in Art](#)
- [Grove Encyclopedia of Northern Renaissance Art](#)
- [Oxford Companion to Western Art](#)
- [Oxford Music Online](#)
- [Oxford Companion to Music](#)
- [Oxford Dictionary of Music](#)
- [Grove Book of Operas](#)

by Nicholas Utakis-Smith



**CONTENT WARNING FOR
SUBMISSION ON THE
FOLLOWING PAGE:
DISCUSSIONS OF OBJECTS BEING
INSERTED INTO BODIES**

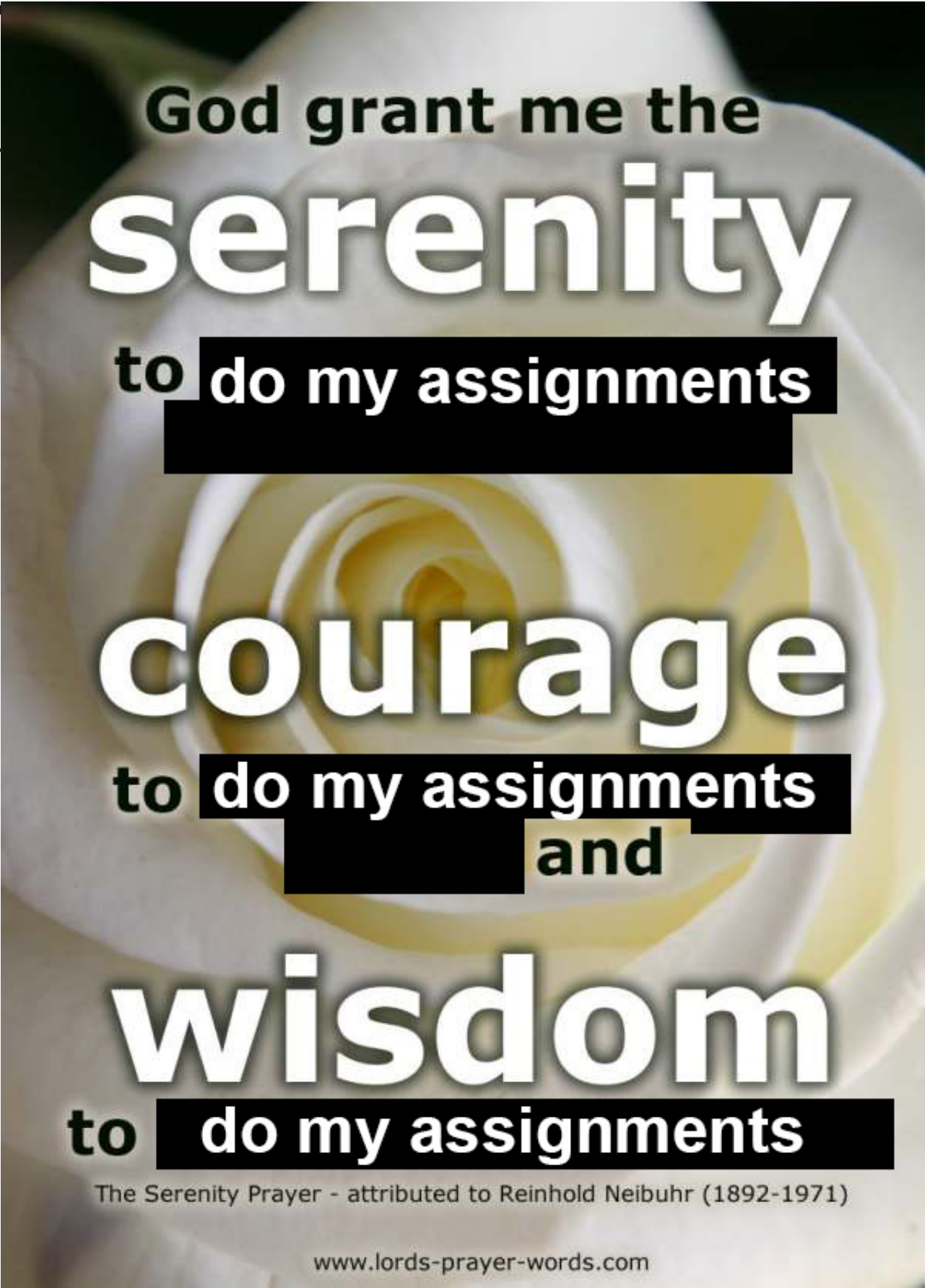
THINGS ID PUT MY DICK IN IF I HAD ONE

by wren dagostino

- ice cream
- hot dog roll
- house plant
- lit candle
- butter
- hair gel
- sugar scrub
- peanut butter
- spaghetti squash
- spaghetti-os
- pie
- silica gel
- scrub daddy (hot and also cold)
- bagels
- donut
- banana peel (thanks jack)
- 100 condom challenge
- mattress topper
- balloon
- memory foam
- model magic
- shaving cream
- kinetic sand
- rubber snake, no teeth
- pumpkin

shoutout to those who have added to my list with suggestions. please keep them coming.🐑

by Leo Zhang



The Serenity Prayer - attributed to Reinhold Neibuhr (1892-1971)

www.lords-prayer-words.com



